

Angels, When The Time Comes

(Spencer-Brewster-Eccles)

I've been down the impossible
I've been back to bar rule
I've been thrown like a paper doll
blowin' out of control
I've been picked out
I've been tested
had my big blood rush rejected
You can tear me apart
Tear me apart in slow motion
tear out my heart, that's devotion
So young and primitive
set the blanket on fire
so unpredictable
she's so beautiful
I've been victim
in a vacuum
been the poison in the perfume
You can tear me apart
Tear me apart in slow motion
tear out my heart, that's devotion
